

No. 1

JUNE, 1938

ACTION COMICS

10¢



\$25

Cash Prizes!

HERE'S HOW TO WIN! AND YOU DON'T
HAVE TO BE AN ARTIST OR A
CARTOONIST EITHER!

THIS IS A CINC

Turn to the feature, CHUCK DAWSON, and you'll notice that it is printed in black and white.

Now take out your crayons and color the first page (title page) of CHUCK DAWSON.

Then, when you've colored it the best you possibly can, tear out the page, put it in an envelope and send it into this magazine.

A cash award of \$1.00 each will be paid to the best 25 pages submitted.



BE SURE TO ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPES TO
COLOR-PAGE CONTEST

Action Comics—480 Lexington Ave., New York City

All entries must be in by midnight, Monday, June 6, 1938

ACTION COMICS

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN
Editor

ACTION COMICS, published monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Second class entry pending at Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: 12 issues by mail in the United States, its possessions, and Mexico, South America and Spain, \$1.50; elsewhere \$2.00. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Entire contents copyright 1938 by Detective Comics, Inc. For advertising rates, address:

GILMAN, NICOLL & CO., 115 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Branches—Boston, Philadelphia, C. Seattle, San Francisco, Seattle



WHEN THE VEHICLE LANDED ON EARTH, A PASSING MOTORIST, DISCOVERING THE SLEEPING BABE WITHIN, TURNED THE CHILD OVER TO AN ORPHAN-AGE



ATTENDANTS, UNAWARE THE CHILD'S PHYSICAL STRUCTURE WAS MILLIONS OF YEARS ADVANCED OF THEIR OWN, WERE ASTONISHED AT HIS FEATS OF STRENGTH



WHEN MATURITY WAS REACHED, HE DISCOVERED HE COULD EASILY:



AND THAT NOTHING LESS THAN A BURSTING SHELL COULD PENETRATE HIS SKIN!

EARLY, CLARK DECIDED HE MUST TURN HIS TITANIC STRENGTH INTO CHANNELS THAT WOULD BENEFIT MANKIND AND SO WAS CREATED...

A SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION OF CLARK KENT'S AMAZING STRENGTH

KENT HAD COME FROM A PLANET WHOSE INHABITANTS' PHYSICAL STRUCTURE WAS MILLIONS OF YEARS ADVANCED OF OUR OWN. UPON REACHING MATURITY, THE PEOPLE OF HIS RACE BECAME GIFTED WITH TITANIC STRENGTH!

INCREDIBLE? NOT FOR EVEN TODAY ON OUR WORLD EXIST CREATURES WITH SUPER-STRENGTH!



THE LOWLY ANT CAN SUPPORT WEIGHTS HUNDREDS OF TIMES ITS OWN.



THE GRASSHOPPER LEAPS WHAT TO MAN WOULD BE THE SPACE OF SEVERAL CITY BLOCKS



A WIRELESS FIGURE RACES THRU THE NIGHT - SECOND COURT - DELAY MEANS FORFEIT OF AN INNOCENT LIFE.



THE GOVERNOR'S ESTATE FINALLY IS REACHED.



MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE! I HAVEN'T TIME TO ATTEND TO IT

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY KNOCKING THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT?



I MUST SEE THE GOVERNOR. IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!



SEE HIM IN THE MORNING!



I'LL SEE HIM NOW!



THIS IS ILLEGAL ENTRY! I'LL HAVE YOU ARRESTED!



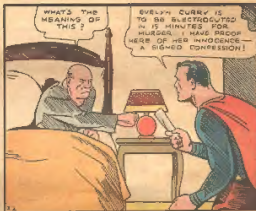
ANSWER MY QUESTION! ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE ME TO THE GOVERNOR?



NO! I WON'T!

THEN I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM!

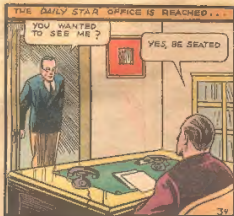




BELEIVING THE GOVERNOR MENACED BY A MADMAN, THE BUTLER PRODUCES A CONCEALED WEAPON!

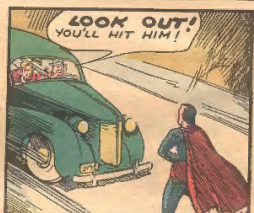
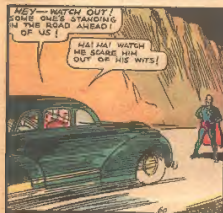


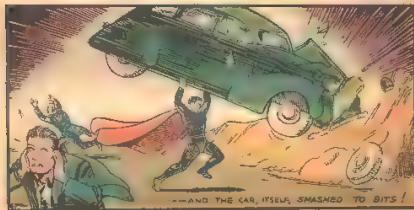
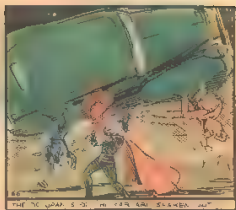








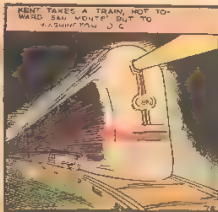
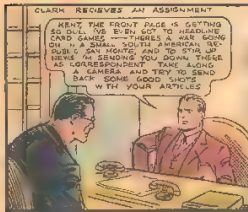
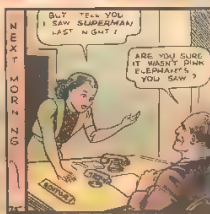




NEXT,
SUPERMAN
TAKES
BUTCH
IN ONE
SPRING.

---AND THE CAR, ITSELF, SMASHED TO BITS!





IN THE CAPITOL CITY, HE
ATTENDS A SESSION OF
CONGRESS, SITTING IN
THE GALLERY

IS THAT SENATOR
BARROWS SPEAKING?

YES

UPON LEAVING THE SENATE CHAMBERS,
CLARK SNAPS A PICTURE OF A FURBIE
MAN SPEAKING SWIFTLY TO SENATOR
BARROWS

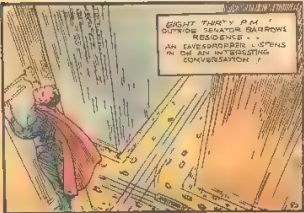
WHEN CAN
SEE YOU?

TOLD YOU NEVER
TO SPEAK TO ME
IN PUBLIC. I'M
MY HOME TONIGHT
AT 8:30

AT THE BUREAU OF A LOCAL
NEWSPAPER

WHOS THE FURBIE
SPEAKING TO
SENATOR
BARROWS?

WHY THAT'S
ALEX GREER THE
ST. CHEST LOBBY ST.
IN WASHINGTON
43 ONE KNOWS
WHAT INTERESTS
BACK HIM



WE TOLD YOU TO
AVOID ME IN PUBLIC
THAT WOULD PEOPLE
THINK IF THEY KNEW
HAD ANYTHING TO DO
WITH YOU?

BUT SPUTTERING
HAD TO SEE YOU
TELL ME DO YOU
THINK YOU'LL SUCCEED
IN PUSHING THE BILL
THRU?

THERES NO DOUBT ABOUT IT
THE BILL WILL BE PASSED
BEFORE THE FULL IMPLICATIONS
ARE REALIZED BEFORE
ANY REMEDIAL STEPS CAN
BE TAKEN. OUR COUNTRY
WILL BE EMBROILED
WITH EUROPE

IF WE
WELL TAKE CARE
OF YOU FINAN-
CIALLY FOR US

SUPPOSE YOU'RE
GOING TO BE
TAKEN CARE OF
YOURSELF?

YOU BET HE
WILL!

UPON
LEAVING
BARROWS,
GREER
IS
CONFRONTED
BY
SUPERMAN

WHO IS BEHIND
YOU IN CORRUPT
ING SENATOR
BARROWS?

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING
ABOUT

SO YOU'RE ONE
OF THESE SILENT
MEN, EH? WE'LL
SEE, WHETHER
YOU'LL TALK.

LET GO
OF MY
HAND!



STOP! STOP!
WE'LL BE ELEC-
TROCUTED!

NO, WE WON'T!

BIRDS SIT ON TELEPHONE
WIRES AND THEY AREN'T
ELECTROCUTED --



—NOT UNLESS
THEY TOUCH A
TELEPHONE POLE
AND ARE GROUNDED!



OOPS! —
ALMOST TOUCHED
THAT POLE!



LOOK! —THE
CAPITOL! LET'S
PAY IT A VISIT!

TAKE ME DOWN!
TAKE ME DOWN!



WHAT A
MAGNIFICENT
VIEW!

HELP!
HELP!



I WONDER IF WE
COULD JUMP ALL
THE WAY TO THAT
BUILDING?

NO! DON'T!



DESPITE GABER'S FRENZIED PROTESTS,
SUPERMAN LEAPS OUT INTO
THE NIGHT!

MISSED
DOGGONE IT!

TO BE CONTINUED

AND SO BEGINS THE STARTLING ADVENTURES
OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL STRIP CHARACTER
OF ALL TIME: **SUPERMAN!**



A PHYSICAL MARVEL,
A MENTAL WONDER,
SUPERMAN IS DESTINED
TO RESHAPE THE DESTINY
OF A WORLD!

Only in
ACTION COMICS
CAN YOU THRILL
AT THE DARING
DEEDS OF THIS
SUPERB CREATION!
**DON'T MISS
AN ISSUE!**

"CHUCK" DAWSON

By H. FLEMING



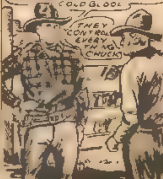
WHEN CHARLES DAWSON, OWNER OF THE CIRCLE-D RANCH IS KILLED IN A BLOODY TEXAS RANGE WAR, HIS YOUNG SON AND ONLY HEIR GOES TO LIVE WITH AN UNCLE, A HORSE RAISER IN WYOMING.

THE BOY KNOWN AS "CHUCK" GROWS TO MANHOOD, WITH THE BUILD OF AN ATHLETE AND AN ALMOST UNCANNY SKILL WITH THE RIFLE AND SIX-GUN.

CHUCK, NOW, BEGINS TO THINK ABOUT TAKING UP THE FIGHT AGAINST THE CROOKED CATTLEMEN WHO KILLED HIS FATHER.

"CHUCK" MAKES UP HIS MIND TO GO BACK TO BATTLE THE GANG OF CROOKED RANCH OWNERS WHO HAVE ACQUIRED BY FRAUD THE RANGE LANDS HE INHERITED AT HIS FATHER'S DEATH.

UNCLE DAN, I'M GOING TO REDGULCH AND HAVE A SHOT DOWN WITH THAT A-G OUTFIT. THEY SHOT DOWN MY DAD IN COLD BLOOD.



THEY CONTROL EVERYTHING IN THE COUNTRY, CHUCK.

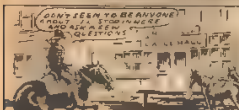
ONLY A FEW MORE MILES BLACKY AND WE'LL BE IN REDGULCH.



IT DOESN'T SEEM SO PEACEFUL LIKE IT THERE.



DON'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE ABOUT IN STODIN HERE AND ASK A FEW QUESTIONS.



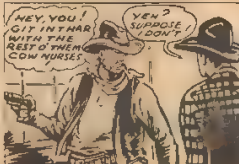
THE DOOR SUDDENLY FLIES OPEN AND A STOCKY EVIL-LOOKING PUNCHER BACKS OUT A SIX GUN IN EACH HAND POURING LEAD THROUGH THE DOOR WAY.

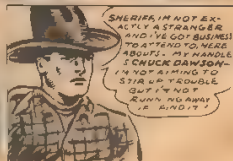
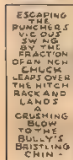
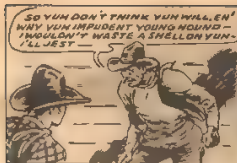


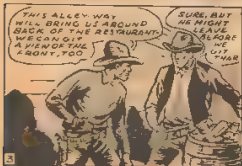
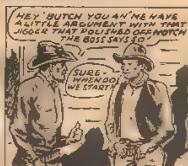
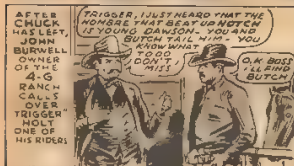
YOU SCUM! I'LL LEARN YOU TO TANGLE N TH' NOTCH LOGAN.

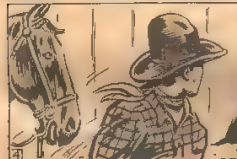
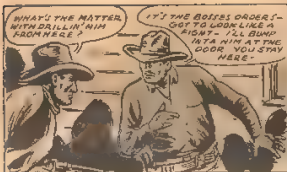
HEY, YOU! GIT IN THAR WITH THE REST O' THEM COW NURSES.

YEN? SUPPOSE I DON'T?











HOLD
IT!

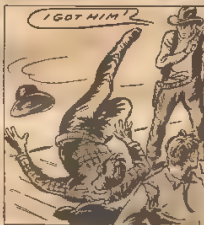


NOW
THEN,
TAKE
THAT

CRACK



-AND A LITTLE JIU JITSU,
ANYONE CAN
RIGHT-
WITH A GUN!

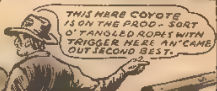


I GOT HIM!



JUST AS
BUTCH
FELLS
CHUCK
WITH A
BULLET,
THE
SHERIFF
RIDES
UP.

WHAT'S
GOIN'
ON
HERE?

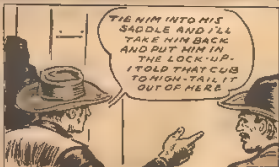


THIS HERE COYOTE
IS ON THE PROD - SORT
O' TANGLED ROPES WITH
TRIGGER HERE AN' CAME
OUT SECOND BEST.



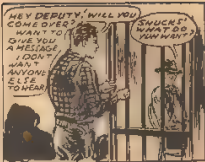
CASHED-
IN
AIN'T HE?

HE'S NO MORE
DEAD THAN YOU
ARE - JUST OUT-
BULLET CREASED
HIS SKULL

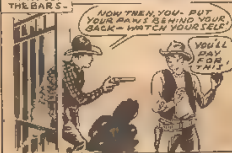
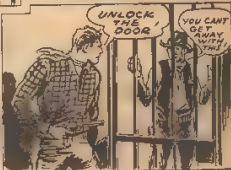


TIE HIM INTO HIS
SADDLE AND I'LL
TAKE HIM BACK
AND PUT HIM IN
THE LOCK-UP.
I TOLD THAT CUB
TO HIGH-TAIL IT
OUT OF HERE

WHEN CHUCK REGAINS HIS SENSES, HE FINDS HIMSELF IN A CELL BACK OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE—SITTING IN A CHAIR OUTSIDE IS A DEPUTY.



WHEN THE DEPUTY GETS CLOSE TO THE CELL DOOR, CHUCK PRETENDS TO WHISPER—AS THE DEPUTY LEANS FORWARD TO HEAR CHUCK'S LONG ARMS SHOOT FORWARD THROUGH THE BARS—



CHUCK FINDS HIS OWN GUN IN A TABLE DRAWER—HE IS JUST ABOUT TO LEAVE, WHEN HE HEARS THE SOUND OF A FOOT STEP IN THE OUTER OFFICE.



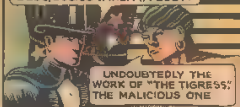
ZATARA

MASTER MAGICIAN

BY FRED GUARDINGER

CHAMPION OF LAW AND ORDER, THE WORLD'S GREATEST MAGICIAN AND HIS FAITHFUL ASSISTANT, TONG HAVE DEDICATED THEIR LIVES TO WIPING OUT THE FORCES OF OUTLAWRY LED BY THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN CRIMINAL AND ZATARA'S ARCH-ENEMY, "THE TIGRESS". NOW THEY ARE ATTEMPTING TO SOLVE "THE MYSTERY OF THE FREIGHT TRAIN ROBBERIES."

THIS IS SERIOUS, TONG. IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS TWO RAILROAD DETECTIVES HAVE BEEN KILLED, A BRAKEMAN MURDERED, AND \$200,000.00 TAKEN IN LOOT!



UNDOUBTEDLY THE WORK OF "THE TIGRESS," THE MALICIOUS ONE

THE CRYSTAL HAS NEVER BEEN WRONG - I CAN PLAINLY SEE THAT ANOTHER ATTEMPT WILL BE MADE TO ROB THE TRAIN. WE'LL IMMEDIATELY GET IN TOUCH WITH OUR DETECTIVE FRIEND, BRADY!



LATE THAT NIGHT THE MAGICIAN ACCOMPANIES BRADY TO THE FREIGHT YARD AND SILENTLY THEY BOARD THE TRAIN THAT IS DESTINED TO BE ROBBED.



THE TRAIN SPEEDS OFF INTO THE NIGHT. BRADY, MAKING HIS WAY DOWN THE CATWALK, CROUCHS LOW AS THE TRAIN ENTERS A TUNNEL.



EMERGING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TUNNEL, THE FIGURE OF A MAN, WHOM ZATARA AND THE OTHERS BELIEVE TO BE BRADY, BECKONS THEM TO FOLLOW.



THE MAGICIAN AND HIS COMPANIONS CLAMBER TO THE ROOF AND CAUTIOUSLY ADVANCE DOWN THE BOXCARS.

GREAT SCOTT-
WHAT'S THAT ?

THE RED FLAME OF GUNFIRE STABS THE
DARKNESS AND DETECTIVE BROWN SLUMPS
FORWARD...

AND IS SAVED FROM CERTAIN DEATH BY A
QUICK MOVEMENT OF THE POWERFUL TONG.

THE DETECTIVE IS MERELY STUNNED AND
ZATARA GESTURES WITH HIS HANDS, PRO-
DUCING A FIRST-AID KIT !

THE MAGICIAN RACES FORWARD TO
INVESTIGATE -

BRADY IS RESPONSIBLE
FOR THIS HE'S IN
LEAGUE WITH THE
CROOKS

AND IS STARTLED AS A BODY IS HURLED
FROM ONE OF THE BOXCARS !

THE FIGURE OF A WOMAN STEALTHILY
CREEPS UP BEHIND ZATARA - IT IS "THE
TIGRESS" !

"THE TIGRESS" ATTACKS !

THIS TIME
YOU DIE,
ZATARA !

AND WITH A POWERFUL LUNGE SHE SHOVS
THE MAG CIAN FROM THE SPEEDING TRAIN !

BUT ZATARA'S MAGICAL POWERS SAVE HIM
AND HE FLOATS GENTLY DOWN TO EARTH !

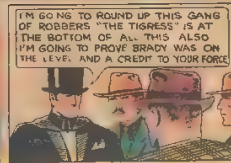
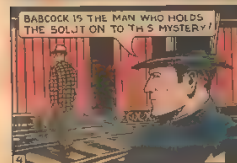
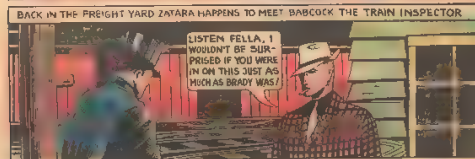
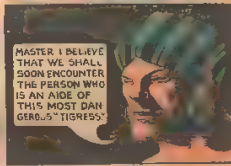
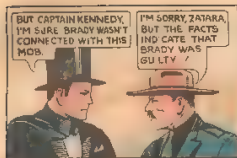
— AND LANDS SOFTLY IN THE
UNDERBRUSH ALONG THE TRACKS !

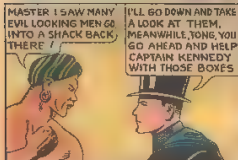
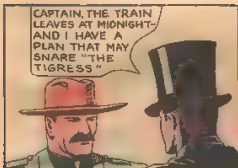
THE TRAIN RUSHES OFF INTO THE NIGHT AND THE
MAG CIAN, MAKING HIS WAY BACK ALONG THE TRACKS,
COMES UPON THE BODY OF BRADY !

IF BRADY WAS
CROOKED HE
CERTAINLY PAID
THE PENALTY !

MEANWHILE TONG SUCCEEDS IN WARNING THE
ENGINEER AND THE TRAIN GRINDS TO A HALT

THE STATE POLICE HURRY TO INVESTIGATE THIS LATEST OUTRAGE -





SO...IT'S YOU
ZATARA!



THE CROOKS ARE RELEASED FROM THE SPELL-

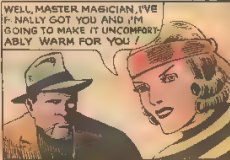


WHAT'LL WE
DO BUMP
HIM OFF?

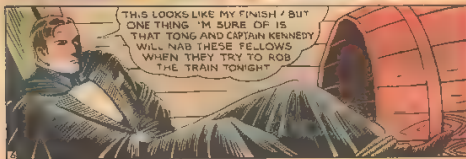
I'LL TAKE
CARE OF
HIM MONK!



WELL, MASTER MAGICIAN, I'VE
F-NALLY GOT YOU AND I'M
GOING TO MAKE IT UNCOMFORT-
ABLY WARM FOR YOU!



THIS LOOKS LIKE MY FINISH / BUT
ONE THING 'M SURE OF IS
THAT TONG AND CAPTAIN KENNEDY
WILL NAB THESE FELLOWS
WHEN THEY TRY TO ROB
THE TRAIN TONIGHT



A FEW QUARTS
OF KEROSENE
OUGHT TO BRIGHTEN
THINGS UP



COME ON, MEN, THERE GOES
THE FREIGHT! WE'VE GOT TO
GET ABOARD AND COMPLETE
OUR JOB!



THIS TIME I BID
YOU FAREWELL!



BUT THE TASK OF REMOVING THE KNOTS
IS A SIMPLE ONE FOR THE MAGICIAN



MEANWHILE THE TRAIN CHUGS OUT OF
THE YARD ON ITS PERILOUS JOURNEY.

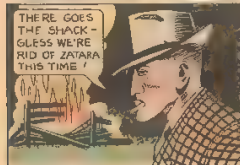
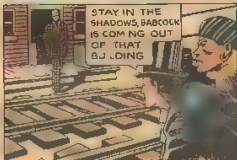


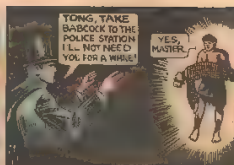
YOU'VE STOOD IN MY
WAY ONCE TOO OFTEN,
ZATARA!



FREE!







ZATARA SPIES TWO OF THE HENCHMEN
AND HIDES AS THEY APPROACH -



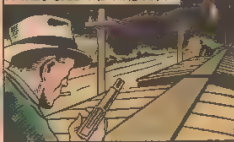
LOOK, SPIKE, HERE'S ONE OF THE
CARS THE BOSS MARKED!



THE CROOKS CLIMB INTO THE CAR AND
PROCEED TO TOSS OUT THE CRATES AND BOXES.



A THUG SPES THE MAGICIAN!



A TRUCK FOLLOWS THE TRAIN PICKING UP THE BOXES THROWN OUT



ZATARA CLOSES THE DOOR TO IMPRISON THE ROBBERS IN THE BOXCAR

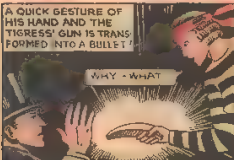


YOUR MAGIC MAY HAVE SAVED YOU FROM THE FIRE BUT I DOUBT IT CAN STOP A BULLET.

THE TIGRESS, EVER ALERT, AGAIN STEALS UPON THE MAGICIAN -



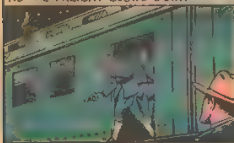
A QUICK GESTURE OF HIS HAND AND THE TIGRESS' GUN IS TRANSFORMED INTO A BULLET!



ENRAGED BECAUSE SHE IS OUTWITTED SHE LEAPS FROM THE CAR AND VANISHES!



A SPECIAL TRAIN OF POLICE PULLS UP AS THE FREIGHT SLOWS DOWN -



OKAY, MISTER / YOUR NEXT TRAIN RIDE WILL BE TO THE PENITENTIARY!



THE STILL NIGHT IS SHATTERED BY THE RUMBLE OF THE APPROACHING VEHICLE



THE POLICE SPRING FROM THE SIDES OF THE ROAD AND FORCE THE REMAINING ROBBERS INTO SUBMISSION

RAISE THEM
HIGH, FELLOWS



YOU SEE, CAPTAIN KENNEDY, BABCOCK
THE CROOKED TRAIN INSPECTOR USED TO
LEAVE A CAR OPEN FOR THE THIEVES AND
THEN LATER THEY ENTERED THE CAR
MARKED WITH Ⓢ THEY THREW OUT
THE FREIGHT AND IT WAS PICKED UP
BY THE MEN IN THE TRUCK!



WHILE THEY WERE HOLDING ME IN THE
SHACK I HAD TONG SUBSTITUTE THOSE
BOXES FOR THE VALUABLE CARGO
WHICH IS STILL SAFE AND SOUND ON
THE FREIGHT TRAIN —



SO BABCOCK
TRIPPED THEM
OFF?

CORRECT / AND TONG HAS
HIM NOW AT THE POLICE
STATION BACK INTOWN!



BACK IN THE STAT ON HOUSE BABCOCK
CONFESSES BRADY'S INNOCENCE

NO, BRADY WASN'T IN
WITH US- THEY BUMPED
HIM OFF THAT NIGHT WE
WENT THROUGH THE
TUNNEL / ONE OF THE
BOYS PUT ON HIS HAT
AND COAT AND MOTIONED
YOU TO COME AHEAD.



CONGRATULATIONS, ZATARA, YOU
CERTAINLY AIDED THE CAUSE OF
JUSTICE TOO BAD "THE TIGRESS"
IS STILL AT LARGE.

THANK
YOU
CAPTAIN



WELL, THAT CLOSES THIS CASE
NOW TO WATCH WHERE "THE
TIGRESS" STRIKES NEXT!



THIS HUMBLE PERSON SEEMS
A BIT OF SLEEP BEFORE
THE NEXT "TIGRESS" HUNT!

SOUTH SEA STRATEGY

By
Captain Frank Thomas

FOR an instant, the sky to the west was splashed with all the vivid colors of nature's paint box. Brilliant ribbons of red and blue shot into the void, blending and meeting with the softer greens and golden shades of the clouds that drifted by. A kaleidoscope of many tones reflected itself in the mirror-surface of the sea.

The inspiring vision lasted but a moment and then the molten ball of sun sank beyond the horizon. Light grew dim and finally disappeared and from the east to the west night spread its blanket over the tropic water and islands.

Bret Coleman, sitting on the rail of his small schooner, struck a match and applied it to his hair. Hungry his blue eyes devoured the luminous display that had, a minute before, flashed across the heavens like liquid fire.

"And each night, it seems to be come more beautiful," he whispered. Then arousing himself he walked aft to the cabin and shouted down to his mate, cook, cabin boy and all around assistant, Cottonball:

"Shake a leg there, fellow, and let's get the anchor on board."

"Ah's comin', Cap'n Bret," and a few seconds later Cottonball's grinning, black face appeared above the roof of the hatch.

Together they hauled the anchor chain and made a fast to the fore-deck. They raised the sail and the huge canvas, flapping like a white albatross, caught the warm breeze and swelled into a large crescent.

Coleman swung the wheel and slowly the Aruba turned pointing her bow westward. The sea washed softly against her side and the dark shore of the island to the right slipped by, mysteriously and magically.

"We made out pretty well this time," Cottonball, said Coleman.

"Yes sah, Cap'n, we sho' did," grinned Cottonball, his teeth flashing white in the gloom. "De boat am filled right to de brim wid copra and fo' good measure we has five hundred pounds of pearl shell. Dis am one of de best trips we has ever made, Cap'n!"

COLEMAN laughed and pulled on his pipe. It had been an excellent trip and three weeks from now, if everything went smoothly, they'd be in Singapore. The market would bring a good price for the cargo and then, with a well filled purse, they'd sail leisurely southward through the islands to Sydney.

Cottonball shuffled forward to hang the port and starboard lights. Coleman switched on a light to make a compass reading, his blue-grey eyes carefully studying the sensitive needle. His face was thin and strong and ten years



beneath the tropic sun had dyed his complexion in the color of teak-wood.

Up an air-blowing Cottonbush squatted and hummed a native song of his slanders. Back to them to the east the silver crescent of the moon rose against the diamond-studded backdrop of the velvet heavens. The weariness of the new night pleased him greatly and Coleman walked back on the native tina.

Up forward Cottonball had suddenly ceased his song and at once Coleman knew the reason. In the distance, off near sea board he heard the splashing of water. And then, through the stillness, came the cry of a man—frantic and desperate!

Coleman leaped to his feet and shouted to Cottonball. The negro disappeared into the cabin and a few seconds later was back on deck with a powerful searchlight in his hands. He pressed the switch and the beam of light stabbed the darkness like a huge rapier.

The bronze-faced captain swung the wheel and the *Aruba* veered off in the direction from where the sound emanated. The splashing grew louder and presently Cottonball's probing light settled on the figure of a man swimming fiercely toward the boat.

He came alongside and Coleman, reaching over, hoisted him on deck, dripping and panting. He was a white man, middle-aged and gray. An ugly, open cut was slashed across his forehead and temple, and Coleman lost no time in cleaning and dressing the wound.

For a moment he sat on the deck breathing heavily, eyes closed. Then he opened them and looked up at the lean figure of Coleman standing above him.

"Thank God I reached you!" he gasped and the captain caught him as he fainted.

"We'd better anchor here for the night," Coleman said to his negro assistant. And lifting the unconscious man, he carried him down into the cabin and laid him on the couch.

HALF an hour later he awoke and smiled wanly when he realized that he had fainted. Coleman offered him a warm towel and a drink which he held in his hand and sipped as he recalled the horrible incidents of the uprising of the island natives.

What really caused it I can't imagine," the man said. "But they suddenly went mad as if over on the whole island, killing and plundering as they went. The unexpectedness and brutality of it was indescribable—shocking!"

The stranger's strength returned and he introduced himself to Coleman. He was Samuel Newton and had spent the last twenty years of his life in the islands as a missionary and trader. Three years ago his daughter Merna, and a housekeeper had come to live with him.

"Were they with you when the natives went berserk?" asked Coleman.

Newton passed a hand over his eyes. "Yes, they were," the housekeeper was killed and the

not yet carried Merna back into the interior. They evidently left her for dead for when I became conscious they had gone and my house was a smoldering ruin."

He told of hiding in the heavy underbrush till nightfall and then stumbling along the beach, he espied the approaching lights of the *Aruba*.

"But I must get help," he cried. "I must go back and free my daughter before they kill her, too."

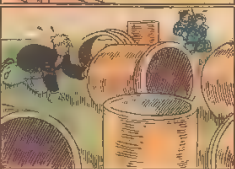
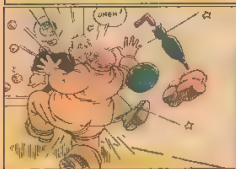
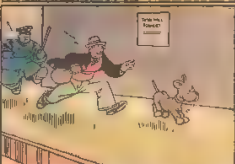
Coleman placed his arm around the older man's shoulder. "We'll do our very best to get her back. Mr. Newton, Cottonball and I know these natives exceedingly well and perhaps we can give them a surprise they haven't been expecting!"

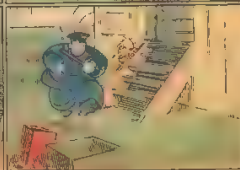
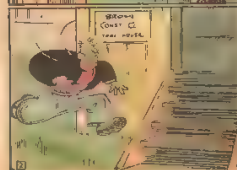
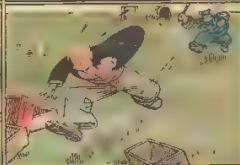
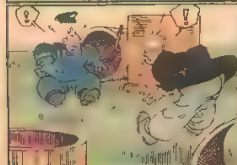
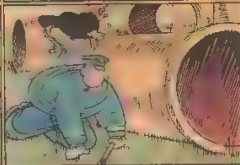
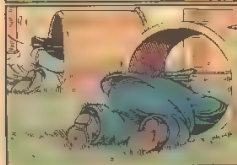
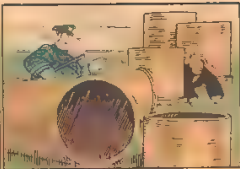
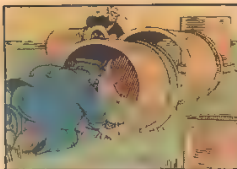
(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH)

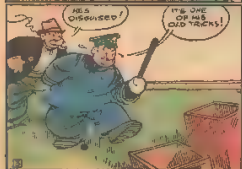
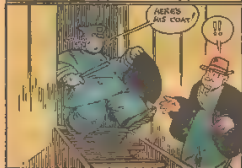
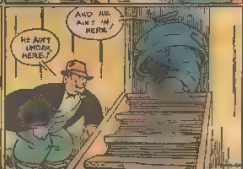
Will Bret Coleman manage to save Merna Newton from the blood-thirsty South Sea island natives? Read the exciting climax of this story in the July issue.

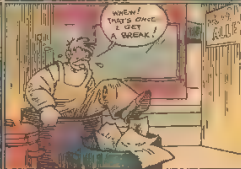
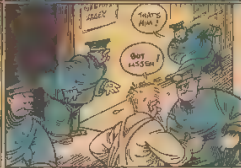
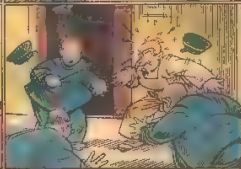
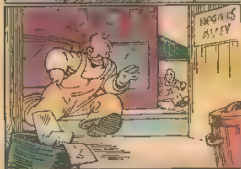
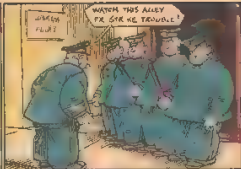
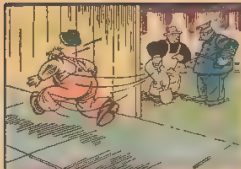


STICKY-MIT STIMSON BY ALGER









The ADVENTURES of **MARCO POLO**

ILLUSTRATED by SYEN ELYEN



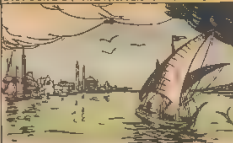
IT'S THE YEAR 1271
MARCO POLO AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN,
TOGETHER WITH HIS FATHER AND UNCLE,
TWO WEALTHY AND IMPORTANT MEN OF
VENICE, SET OUT ON A JOURNEY TO THE
ORIENT.

AS THEY REACH THE ARMENIAN COAST
THEY ARE MET BY THE KING'S EMISSARY.

OUR KING HAS JUST RECEIVED
WORD FROM THE NEWLY ELECTED
POPE REQUESTING YOUR IMMEDIATE
APPEARANCE AT HIS
RESIDENCE AT ACRE

WE SHALL
TURN BACK
AT ONCE.

AN ARMED GALLEY IS PLACED AT THEIR
DISPOSAL BY THE ARMENIAN RULER.



ON REACHING THE CITY OF ACRE THEY GO
DIRECTLY TO THE POPE'S PALACE.

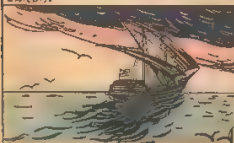


WHERE THEY RECEIVE IMMEDIATE AUDI-
ENCE WITH HIS HOLINESS AND GIVEN
THEIR INSTRUCTIONS.

• MY BLESSINGS UPON YOU ---
THIS IS YOUR MISSION; THE KHAN OF TAR-
TARY REQUESTS ME TO SEND PRIESTS AND
MEN OF LEARNING TO HIS GREAT DOMAIN
TO IMPART THE KNOWLEDGE OF OUR COUN-
TRY TO HIS PEOPLE.

I HAVE BUT TWO PRIESTS AVAILABLE TO
SEND, WHO, WITH LETTERS AND GIFTS I EN-
TRUST TO YOUR CARE TO SAFELY CONVEY
TO THAT VAST EMPIRE IN THE EAST.

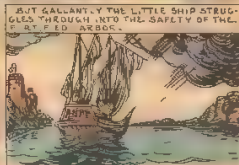
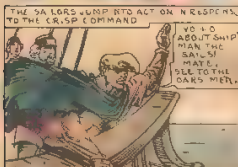
SO AGAIN THEY SET OUT FOR DISTANT
LANDS.



I UNDERSTAND, CAPTAIN,
THAT YOUR KING IS AT
WAR WITH THE RULER
OF BABYLONIA.

YES 'TIS SO-
THE SOLOAN HAS
LAID WASTE MUCH
OF OUR BEAUTIFUL
COUNTRY.





HEADLESS OF PERLS AND DIFFICULTIES
THE TURTLE TRAVELLERS PUSH ON.



AFTER MONTHS OF HARDSHIPS THEY
LEAVE MOUNT ARARAT AND HEAD FOR
THE MOUNTAINS.



LOOK FATHER,
THERE'S A GREAT
LAKE IN THE MOUNTAINS

THAT MUST BE
LAKE JAMIA
MARLO

THEY FINALLY REACH THE PORT OF DORA
ON THE PERSIAN GULF AND AFTER A FEW
DAYS REST BOARD A SMALL BOAT FOR
BUNDER-ABBAS.



AFTER MUCH BUCKLING THEY SUCCEED
IN CHARTERING A SMALL CARAVAN FOR
THE INTERIOR.



APPROACHING THE FOOTHILLS OF THE DANGEROUS KARGHAR PASS IN THE WILDERNESS
MOUNTAINS THE KURDISH REFUSE TO GO ON.



WHAT IS THE
MATTER WITH
YOUR MEN
N NO?

SAHIB POLO, THESE MOUNTAINS ARE
INFESTED BY THE FEROCEOUS BARBARIC
MEN THEY ROB AND KILL ALL WHO DARE
ENTER THE HILLS AND THEY ARE WITH-
OUT MERCY. MY MEN REFUSE TO
GO ON.



BUT WE
CAN'T TURN
BACK NOW
NIKHU, WE'RE
NEAR THE
MOUNTAINS



A HANDFUL OF SILVER
FOR EVERY MAN WHO
STAYS WITH US.
DO YOU
KNOW THE
WAY OF THIS
MOUNTAIN?

MANY YEARS
AGO I FIGHT
THESE PEOPLE
I LEARN ALL
ABOUT THESE
HILLS THEN
I TRY MAKE
MY MEN STAY WITH

NIKHU'S CLEVER PLAN MAKING
HIS MEN REMAIN WITH THE
EXPEDITION



FROM NIKUS GAGER BY ON THE FOUR MEN
CAREFULLY PLOT THEIR NEXT MOVES

WE MUST DIVIDE OUR PARTY
YOU MARCO WITH A KU
AND HALF OUR MEN MUST
GAIN THE ROCKS ABOVE — AND THE REST
THE GORGE — OF US SHALL
WITHOUT — PROCEED OPENLY
BEING SEEN — FOR THE PASS
OR A — AND MAY PRO-
BE —



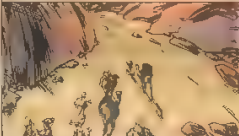
MY MEN WILL FIGHT
IF THEY HAVE TO
SAHIB



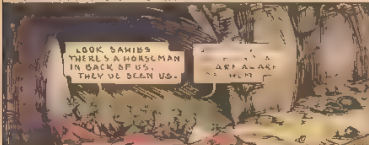
UNDER COVER OF NIGHT MARCO AND
THEIR MEN CREEP CAUTIOUSLY AHEAD TOWARD
THE UPPER ROCKS



WHILE AT DAYBREAK THE ELDER MEN
WITH THEIR TRAP START FOR THE DAN-
GEROUS PASS



THEY FIND THE PASS IS A NARROW PASS SCARCELY WIDE ENOUGH
THROUGH. IN SINGLE FILE THEY ENTER THE TRAP.

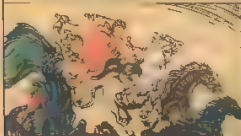


LOOK SAHIBS
THERE'S A HORSMAN
IN BACK OF US.
THEY'VE BEEN US.

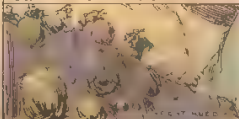
THEY ARE ALREADY
BEHIND US



AS THEY APPROACH THE OTHER END OF
THE BOWL A BAND OF HOWLING SAVAGES
POUR DOWN ON THEM FROM THE MOUNTAINS



BUT - UP ABOVE YOUNG MARCO AND HIS
MEN WITH A SPLIT SECOND TO GO SWING
INTO ACTION
THEY LOOGE A WHOLE MOUNTAIN OF BOUL-
DERS ONTO THE BANDITS BELOW.



TO BE CONTINUED

"PEP" MORGAN

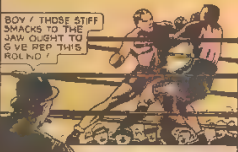
by FRED GUARDINEER



PEP MORGAN, VERSATILE YOUNG ATHLETE IS FIGHTING SAILOR SORENSON FOR THE COVETED LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP. POP BURKETT, PEP'S TRAINER AND PAL, IS IN THE FIGHTER'S CORNER. SAILOR IS MANAGED BY THE UN-SCRUPULOUS DOC LOWRY.



BOY / THOSE STIFF SMACKS TO THE JAW OUGHT TO GIVE PEP THIS ROUND!



THE BELL SAVES SAILOR SORENSON FROM BEING KNOCKED OUT!

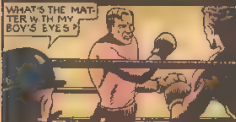
COME ON, SAILOR! KEEP YOUR GLOVES IN HIS FACE AND DON'T STOP SLUGGING!

MORGAN'S GONE FAR ENOUGH!



IN THE NEXT ROUND PEP APPEARS TO BE BLINDED AND WILDLY THROWS PUNCHES IN DESPERATION...

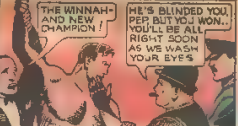
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY BOY'S EYES?



HOWEVER ONE OF HIS MAD BLOWS FINDS FLESH AND BONE. SAILOR IS KNOCKED OUT FOR THE COUNT!

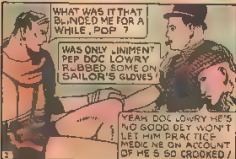
THE WINNAH - AND NEW CHAMPION!

HE'S BLINDED YOU, PEP, BUT YOU WON.. YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT SOON AS WE WASH YOUR EYES



WHAT WAS IT THAT BLINDED ME FOR A WHILE, POP?

WAS ONLY LINIMENT PEP DOC LOWRY RUBBED SOME ON SAILOR'S GLOVES!



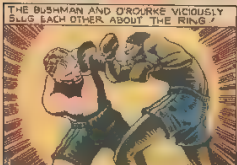
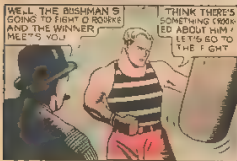
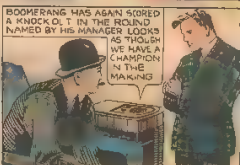
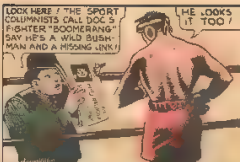
YEAH DOC LOWRY HE'S NO GOOD BEY WON'T LET HIM PRACTICE MEDICINE ON ACCOUNT OF HE'S SO CROOKED!

THE BOXING COMMISSION HOLDS AN INVESTIGATION BUT CAN PROVE NOTHING. DOC LOWRY CLAIMS THE SECOND HAD MIXED THE BOTTLES BY MISTAKE.

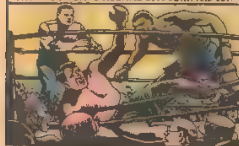
DOC YOU BETTER GET OUT OF TOWN ANYWAY - AND DO YOUR DIRTY BUSINESS IN SOME OTHER STATE!

OKAY BOYS BUT YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME!





THE SLUGGISH O'ROURKE GOES DOWN AND OUT!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY O'ROURKE TOOK A DIVE. HE'S AN HONEST FIGHTER AND I KNOW HE WOULDN'T ACCEPT A BRIBE!



I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES ON THIS FIGHT. I WANT YOU DETECTIVES TO WATCH EVERY MOVE OF DOC LOWRY AND THE BUSHMAN THE NIGHT WE GO ON.



BOXING • ENTERTAINMENT • SPORTS

BUY YOUR PROGRAMS, READ ABOUT THE FIGHTERS!



IN THIS CORNER WE HAVE PEP MORGAN, THE LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD!



DOC LOWRY AND THE MYSTERIOUS BUSHMAN ENTER THE RING!



I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR TONIGHT MORGAN!

SO HAVE I—I'LL SAM YOUR BUSHMAN BACK TO AUSTRALIA!



THE BELL!



THE BUSHMAN TRIES TO CUT PEP'S EYE WITH THE
HEEL OF HIS GLOVE /

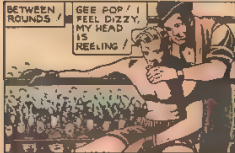


WOW / LOOK AT PEP
STAGGER THAT
BUSHMAN /



BETWEEN
ROUNDS /

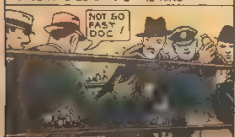
GEE POP / I
FEEL DIZZY,
MY HEAD
IS
REELING /



THE BELL AGAIN AND PEP FIGHTING DESPERATELY
BY INSTINCT SUDDENLY CATCHES THE BUSHMAN
WITH A K.O. PUNCH /



AS THE BUSHMAN IS COUNTED OUT, THE
DETECTIVES LEAP INTO THE RING /

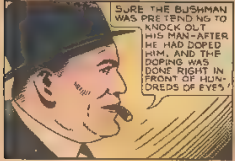


THIS IS WHAT I TOOK
OUT OF THE BUSHMAN'S
GLOVE - HAD IT HIDDEN
IN THE LEATHER /

A HYPODERMIC
NEEDLE /



SURE THE BUSHMAN
WAS PRETENDING TO
KNOCK OUT
HIS MAN - AFTER
HE HAD DOPED
HIM, AND THE
DOPING WAS
DONE RIGHT IN
FRONT OF HUN-
DREDS OF EYES /



S'GOOD THING
YOU WERE
WATCHING
POP /

WELL WE WON'T HAVE
TO WORRY ABOUT DOC
FOR THE NEXT FIVE YEARS /

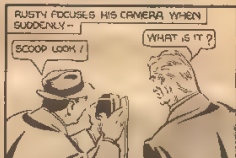
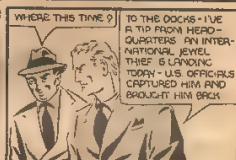


SCOOP SCANLON

FIVE STAR REPORTER

by Will Ely

SCOOP SCANLON, ACE REPORTER OF THE BULLETIN, ROUSES HIS SLEEPY-EYED PAL AND PHOTOGRAPHER, RUSTY JAMES, AND PLANS TO GO INTO ACTION —



AS ARNOLD DESCENDS THE CANGRANK HE GIVES A SLOWY NOD TO ONE OF THE MEN THAT RUSTY NOTICED —



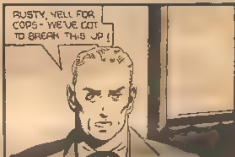
THE GUARDS LEAD HIM TO A WAITING CAR—



THE MEN WITH COATS FOLLOW AT A DISTANCE —



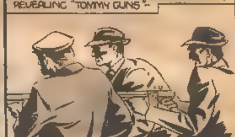
RUSTY, YELL FOR COPS - WE'VE GOT TO BREAK THIS UP!



AS ARNOLD IS ABOUT TO ENTER THE CAR, SUDDENLY HE FALLS FLAT



LIKE A FLASH THE MEN DROP THEIR COATS, REVEALING "TOMMY GUNS" —



WITH A LEAD FROM ABOVE, SCOOP LANDS ON THE BACK OF ONE OF THE GUNMEN BOWLING OVER ANOTHER —



THE POLICE SENSE THE SITUATION AT ONCE—



BUT THE TWO REMAINING GUNMEN LET
LOOSE WITH THEIR TOMMY GUNS AND THE
GUARDS CRUMBLE ----



THE POLICE OPEN FIRE AND BRING DOWN
THESE TWO GUNMEN --



ONE OF SCOOP'S VICTIMS BREAKS LOOSE --
SCOOP DUSTS THE OTHER ONE OFF WITH A
STIFF LEFT TO THE JAW --



ARNOLD AND THE OTHER CROOK MAKE FOR A
POWERFUL CAR PARKED DOWN THE STREET--



RUSTY, WHO'S BEEN FILMING THE HOT SCENE,
SPOTS THEM AND TAKES AFTER THEM --



THE POLICE RACE TO THEIR CARS TO TAKE UP
THE CHASE --



SCOOP GRABS UP A DESERTED TOMMY GUN
AND LEAPS INTO A COP-PAUL'S CAR --



STEP ON
IT- THEY'RE
GETTING
AWAY !

AT THAT MOMENT RUSTY MAKES THE SPARE
TIRE OF ARNOLD'S CAR AND HANGS ON FOR
DEAR LIFE --



THE CAR DASHES UP THE STREET WITH ITS UNWELCOME PASSENGER —



POLICE CARS ARE HOT ON ITS TAIL —



WHEN SUDDENLY FROM A SIDE STREET A TOURING CAR APPEARS, FOLLOWED BY A HUGE MOVING VAN —



THE VAN ROUNDS THE CORNER AND STOPS, BLOCKING THE POLICE CARS' PATH —



THE POLICE CARS SCREECH TO A HALT AS THEY DO SO. GUNMEN START FIRING FROM THE TRUCK —



THE POLICE RETURN THEIR FIRE, AND IT'S TOO HOT FOR THE GUNMEN



THEY LEAVE THE TRUCK AND MAKE FOR THE WAITING TOURING CAR —



SCOOP'S CAR PASSES THE POLICE AND THE MOVING VAN BY TAKING TO THE SIDE WALK —



THE TOURING CAR IS JUST GETTING AWAY --



WHEN SCOOP'S CAR COMES AHEAD OF IT --



SCOOP CUTS LOOSE WITH HIS "CHOPPER" --



HE COMPLETELY DISABLES THE CAR, AND IT
SPYRES WILDLY AND HEADS FOR A TELE-
PHONE POLE --



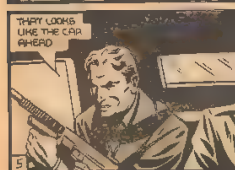
THE POLICE ARRIVE TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE
BADLY BATTERED AND WOUNDED CROOKS --



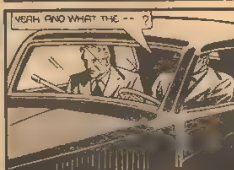
BUT THE COP WITH SCOOP OPENS HIS CAR UP
WIDE, TRYING TO PICK UP ARNOLD'S TRAIL --

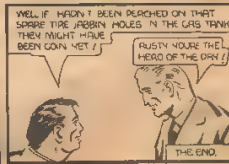
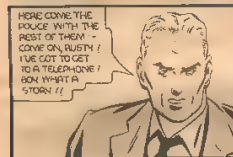
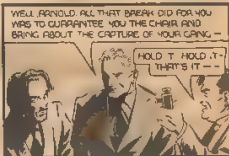
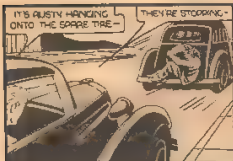


THAT LOOKS
LIKE THE CAR
AHEAD



YEAH AND WHAT THE -- ?





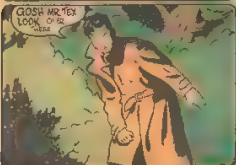
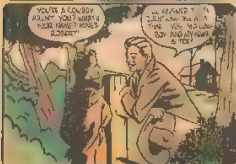


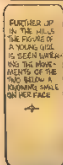
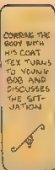
TEX THOMSON

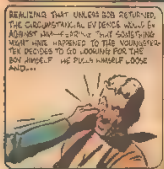
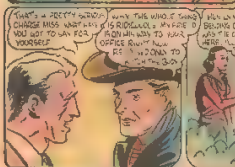
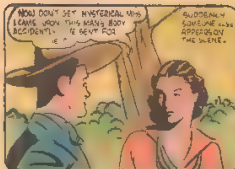
BY BERNARD BAILY

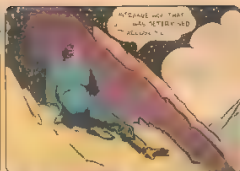
HAVING STRUCK IT RICH IN THE OIL FIELDS OF TEXAS, TEX THOMSON HAS LEFT HIS NATIVE COUNTRY TO TOUR THE WORLD. AS OUR STORY OPENS WE FIND TEX IN A SMALL TOWN IN ENGLAND. THE INACTIVITY IS BECOMING TO BORE HIM.

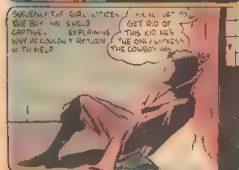
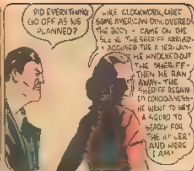
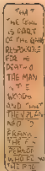
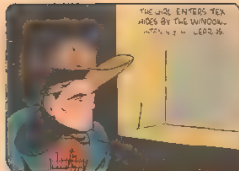
"THIS QUIET IS BE-
GINNING TO GET ME. I'D
BETTER GO OUT AND GET
SOME AIR."



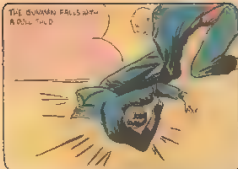








THE GUNMAN FALLS WITH
A BELL THUD



A SHOT STRIKES A
THE GUNMASTER IS DEAD

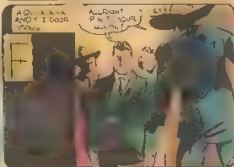


YOU STAY HERE AND
KEEP AN EYE ON THE
OUTSIDE. I'LL GO AND
FIGHT THOSE MEN



RIGHTO!

A GUNNER
AND I'LL GO
FIGHT



ALL RIGHT
I'LL GO
FIGHT

WHAT'S THE
GAS CLOWN?



IT'S A GUNNER
AND I'LL GO
FIGHT THOSE MEN
THE GUNNER IS
DEAD

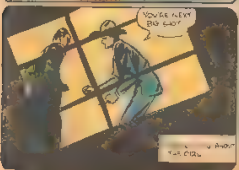
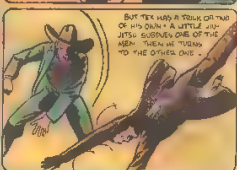
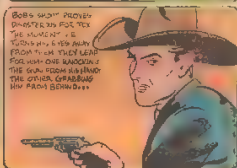


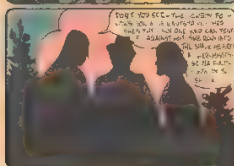
OUTSIDE BUT I'LL GO
THE APPLAUSING WITH
THE HOUSE IS NOT
NOTHING THAT MUCH
DEAR IN A



WITH A GUNNER
TURN ON BODY...







IN THE
MEAN
TIME

BUT THE
LONG DIS-
TANCE WAS
RESISTING
TO TELL ON
THE SON
HE HAUNTED
HE IS FORCED
TO COME
DOWN SLOW-
LY HE
IS DISTURBED
BY A LITTLE
GIRL.

WENNO, BOBBE!

WENN GIBS DA BEETD--
DU'RE A GOOD-
FRIEND!

WERE ALL OUT OF BEER! BOBBY IS SAVING ME, RIGHT?

YES - A BIG VICE GARDEN AGE HOLDS MY FRIENDS OF HINDS IN THE OLD MORTON HILL

WERE ALL OUT OF BEER! BOBBY IS SAVING ME, RIGHT?

YES - A BIG VICE GARDEN AGE HOLDS MY FRIENDS OF HINDS IN THE OLD MORTON HILL

YOU WISTEN CAROLYN, A BETTY - YOU RUN TO
TUE SHERIFF
TELL HIM TO GET SOME
MEN AND COME TO
THE SHARK. NOW
WHEEN BETTY
HARRY

YOU WISTEN CAROLYN, A BETTY - YOU RUN TO
TUE SHERIFF
TELL HIM TO GET SOME
MEN AND COME TO
THE SHARK. NOW
WHEEN BETTY
HARRY



IMPRESSIONED WITH
THE SERIOUSNESS OF
THE SITUATION—BETTY
RAN AS FAST AS SHE
CAN GO!

THE NEW THE SITUATION.
B-B GETS A CHANCE OF
'JESSIE' THE

HE SNEAKED UP BEHIND THE TREE AND SEVERED THE BRANCH THAT WAS HANGING IN THE LOBBY

[illegible]

HAD AN AM
ROUNDED BALL
X SAID "IT'S
THE GARD -
TOLD ME TO ME
FOOT THAT HE
NUMBERED



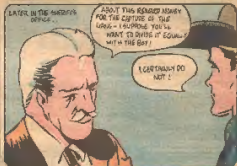




THE GANG IS SO ENJOYING IN THEIR EFFORTS TO CAPTURE THE COLONY - THEY DO NOT NOTICE THE ARRIVAL OF THE GUARD AND THE BOBBY.



THE GANGSTER CHIEF KILLED, TEX, BOBBY, THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN. HEALING THE REMAINING EXHIBITS TO THE JAIL HOUSE.



OVER IN EVDS ---- BY MADOFF



THE RECORD FOR THROWING A BALL IS 104 FT. 4 IN. HELD BY THELSON LESEUNE (1918)



THE PITTSBURGH CLUB HAS BEEN KNOWN AS THE "PIRATES" SINCE 1890. WHEN SEVERAL PLAYERS WERE TAKEN FROM OTHER TEAMS.



PITCHER LEE GRISOM SAYS HE IS ANGRY TO FIGHT BOTH GAMES OF A DOUBLE HEADER SOME DAY

BY THE LAST 23 YEARS ONLY 2 MEN HAVE LOVERED FIRST BASE FOR THE YANKEES WALLY DIPP AND GEORGE



"THURMAN" AS HE IS CALLED BY HIS TEAM, MADE HIS DEBUT IN THE BIGGEST AND STAGE AND NOW HAVING CRASHED THE POINTS WILL BE QUITE A WEARY MAN WHEN HE RETIRES



"LARRY" LOU SCHULZ

LAST OF THE FAMOUS YANKEE PIRATES ROW OF 27, CONTINUES AS THE IRON MAN OF BASEBALL AS HE REACHES HIS 2000TH CONSECUTIVE GAME



IN CAREER - BABE RUTH

— IT RUTH HAD RECEIVED ALL THE BASES ON BALLS HE ONCE THAT HE HAD BEEN GIVEN DURING HIS BIG LEAGUE CAREER - HE WOULD HAVE HAD TO WALK UP AND DOWN THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING 71 TIMES !!



NORMS BOLD AND O'B'S BAKER MET IN A 6-ROUND BOUT - AFTER FLOORING EACH OTHER IN THE 1ST THEY BOTH LET GO WITH RIGHTS TO THE CHIN BOTH WENT DOWN AND WERE OUT FOR 5 MINUTES THE REFEREE CALLED IT A DRAW



SAN LUISO BALANCE HE ONCE JERRED A SLUMP BY STARTING TO WEAR A NIGHTSHIRT INSTEAD OF HIS USUAL PANTALONS

